

Skillfully Administered Scientific Treatment

IS THE TREATMENT THAT CURES.



DR. GEORGE H. WOOD.

Our office is equipped with the most approved apparatus for treatment of the afflicted. We are continually adding to it, regardless of expense.

Treatment of all cases is in the hands of thoroughly competent physicians, who are graduates of American and foreign institutions of the highest standing.

Diseases of Women

We combine in our new original treatment of diseases of women the use of electricity and medicine, in a mild and healing way, which restores the patient to perfect health.

Diseases of Men

Many are the complications that result from the bungling treatment of private diseases, and the old age of many a man has been made miserable because of the terrible results of unskillful treatment.

These diseases involve the most delicate organs of the body and they require the most skillful treatment possible.

Unless they are properly treated, complications are sure to arise which will lead to serious results. No other class of diseases have wrecked so many lives as these diseases when not properly treated. No two cases are exactly alike, and no two patients require the same line of treatment. We therefore give each case our careful attention and treat every symptom and every effect of these diseases upon the human system.

We extend to everyone a most cordial invitation to consult us. We will take pleasure in giving a thorough examination, and will make no charge for our opinion and advice.

Those unable to call should write us. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Wood Medical Institute,

E. B. OLIVER, M. C., M. D.
GEORGE H. WOOD, B. S., M.D.
CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.

Hours: 9 to 12; 1:30 to 4; 7 to 8.
Sunday, 10 to 12.

Second Floor, Hibernal Building,
423 Brady Street. Davenport, Ia.

Master's Sale in Partition.

Seabury & Marshall and Jack and Hurst & Seabury, Attorneys.

State of Illinois, ss.
Rock Island County, ss.

In the Circuit Court of said County, in character.

Alice Bonett vs. James G. Galt, Daniel Galt, Jr., Margaret Foley, Mary McGar, Josephine McLaughlin, and Maud Galt, No. 515. Partition.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decree of said Court, entered in the above entitled cause on the thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1902, I shall, on Saturday, the seventh day of January, A. D. 1903, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, at the east door of the Court House, in the City of Rock Island, in said County of Rock Island, to execute said decree, sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder (provided the said bid upon each piece or parcel shall be equal to or more than the value of the same as shown by the report of the commissioners heretofore appointed by the court, to partition the premises) the following land, to-wit:

One-half in cash and the balance on a credit of from two to five years, at the option of the purchaser. The balance of purchase money to be secured by a mortgage on the land purchased and to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, those certain parcels of land situated in the County of Rock Island and State of Illinois and known and described as follows, to-wit:

That part of the west half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section twenty (20) which lies south of the Peoria and Rock Island railroad; and the west half (1/2) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section twenty-nine (29), all in Township No. seventeen (17) north, Range No. one (1) west of the fourth (4th) principal meridian.

Also, those certain parcels of land, situated in the County of Henry and State of Illinois, known and described as follows, to-wit:

The west half (1/2) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section No. thirty (30), and the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section No. nineteen (19), and the northwest quarter (1/4) of section No. twenty (20), all in Township No. seventeen (17) north, Range No. one (1) west of the fourth (4th) principal meridian.

Dated at Moline, Illinois, this seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1902.

WALTER J. ESTERLIN,
Master in Chancery, Rock Island County, Illinois.

SEABURY & MARSHALL, Compt's Sol's
JACKSON, HURST & STAFFORD, Let's Sol's.

Notice of Publication—Chancery.

State of Illinois, ss.
Rock Island County, ss.

In the Circuit Court at the January term, A. D. 1903, in character.

Frank Wilson vs. Florence Wilson, Divorce.

To the above named non-resident defendant, Florence Wilson, Adversus of your non-residence has been shown in the office of clerk of said court, notice is hereby given to you that the above named complaint has been filed in said court, and that you are required to appear on the chancery side of said court, that a summons in chancery has been issued in said cause, against you returnable to the next term of said court to be begun and held in the City of Rock Island in said County on the first Monday in January, A. D. 1903, at which time and place you are to plead, answer or demur to said bill of complaint, if you see fit.

Dated at Rock Island, Ill., December 5, A. D. 1902.

GEORGE W. GAMBLE,
Clerk of said Court.

SWEENEY & WALKER, Solicitors for Complainant.

WILLOW BARK For Drunkenness, Morbidity, Treatment phine & Tobacco Habits.

Purely vegetable treatment; has cured thousands; has injured none. Incorporated under the laws of Illinois. Established over twelve years.

WILLOW BARK CO.,
DANVERS, ILL.

Write for literature.

Always the Same Good Old BLATZ BEER

The Pride of Milwaukee.

Send Postal Card for New Brochure Which Tells Why

BLATZ BEER IS RIGHT.

BLATZ MALT-VIVINE

(NON-INTOXICANT)

TONIC FOR THE WEAK

All Druggists or Direct.

Val Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee

BEARDSLEY & BAILEY, Wholesale Dealers, 217 Eighteenth St., Phone 1125

THE ROOT OF YOUR HAIR

should look like this, but if you have

DANDRUFF

THE GERM

destroys and withers it like this.

"Destroy the cause you remove the effect."

No Dandruff, no Falling Hair, no Baldness, if you

KILL THE GERM

with NEWBRO'S

HERPICIDE

For sale by all druggists. Price \$1.

For sale by T. H. Thomas, druggist

Burlington Route

Spend the Winter in

California—Why Not?

It's hard to understand why people will stay all winter in Rock Island, suffering from cold and taking short of breath, when it is so easy, if one has the time, and so inexpensive now-a-days to go to California. Why not spend the winter, or part of it, there? The price of a through ticket is surprisingly low, and we can tell you of first-rate boarding houses and hotels where you can live for from \$7 to \$15 per week.

We run a through standard sleeping car every day from Galesburg to California, and every week "Personally Conducted" parties leave Galesburg in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, in which double berth, holding two, costs but \$3. The route of these parties is to a sideboard, as if there were something shocking to be concealed. As I said before, I hate a hypocrite. I scorn a Pharisee. I have more respect for a man for the man who walks openly into a saloon to buy his drink and who knows when to abstain than I have for the fellow, however lofty his reputation, who sneaks into a side door to get it after dark.

Mr. MacDonald said he had never been one of those clergymen who affect black clothing exclusively and coats cut high at the throat, and his garb therefore did not advertise the sacred nature of his calling. His sole apparent concession to clerical conventionalities of dress was in the neat white bow necktie, which seemed to harmonize well enough with the spotless white of his bar jacket and apron.

The former preacher is a man of fine physique, strong of build and athletic. He has a clear, blond complexion, with a touch of good color in the cheeks, frank blue gray eyes, a symmetrical forehead and light brown hair and mustache.

"I am not aware," he went on, "that I have changed my views materially of Christian ethics, of Christian conduct, or for that matter, of Christian theology. I have come to realize that some of my former views were too narrow, and they have perhaps broadened as I have grown older. Not in the sense that I would license or palliate sin of any kind. But it has seemed to me that most of the clergy of the present day have failed to understand and to reach men as they are."

"Nothing has ever given me more satisfaction than to come into contact with the masses of men as I have met them since I came here. I have always been hearty sympathy with the masses, the average men, as one meets them in the everyday life of the world, and, according to my observation, the church has signally failed to reach them."

"I am well aware that the business of the saloon keeper is looked down upon, despised by the average of the churchgoing community, but I cannot share that feeling. Saloons, like theaters, may be good or bad. I must confess that nothing, perhaps, in all my

life has given me more satisfaction than to serve a warm luncheon to a lot of workmen at the noon hour or a cheap hot dinner later at the price of a glass of beer; 5 cents. I can see no harm in his taking the glass of beer."

"It contains 90 per cent of water and only 4 per cent of alcoholic stimulant. I make it a point to serve a good free lunch, with fish chowder, clam broth or something else hot and nutritious from 11 until 2 o'clock for the workmen, who are already flocking here in droves, and from 5 to 12 o'clock at night they may find a similar lunch."

"You know it was Jesus himself who said that it is not that which doth defile him, but rather that which proceedeth out of his mouth." No, I have no intention of combining Scriptural exposition with the service of a saloon, but this you may depend upon—I do not intend to tolerate blasphemy, profanity or obscenity in this saloon. I intend to run a decent place, and I want no other class of custom."

"How do you expect to stop that kind of talk?" I asked the saloon keeper morally.

"I don't anticipate any serious trouble in stopping it, and another thing I won't do is to serve liquor to a man who has had already enough or too much. Both my bartenders have had strict orders never to serve an intoxicated person, and I am personally in charge of the bar from half past 9 o'clock in the morning often until late at night."

"But suppose blackguards come in and refuse to be good, what will you do to stop them?"

"Oh, well, I had one little experience the other night for illustration. A big teamster, who comes in occasionally, was intoxicated, and I refused to serve him whisky. I tried to make him come with some clam broth, but he was ugly, and he started to curse and call me foul names. I came out from behind the bar and said quietly: 'Gus, you mustn't do that here. I won't have that kind of talk. It doesn't go in this place while I run it.'"

"Well, he set down, swore he would have whisky and become more abusive and foul than ever. So I just went over to where he sat. I grasped his forearm and put a bit of a twist on it, and he came up standing easily enough. Then I led him to the side door. I didn't put him out. I took him out, and, as he lives near by, I just took him home. He was as mild as a kitten when I left him. Now, I've an idea he won't be offensive that way again."

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Mr. MacDonald expressed his views on the Raines law and on the Baptist doctrine of close communion with equal candor.

"I think the Raines law abominable," he said, "but I am going to live up to it. No, not so much because I could not keep open after 1 o'clock in the morning if I wanted to. They all do around here, and this place stands all right with the police, I guess. But, you see, I live with my family in Long Island City. That is an hour's journey from here, and I am glad enough to close when the proper time comes."

"There will be no rooms for rent over this saloon. I purchased the business on Dec. 8, 1902, and gave \$4,000 for it, and I have spent \$400 already stocking it. The building was new last summer, and the fittings of the place cost about \$3,000. I have taken the saloon on a seven year lease. I do not expect ever to preach again as a pastor, but some day I may lecture, and if I do the topic will be something like 'Men as They Are.'"

While the talk progressed the cash register was ringing in the next room merrily. Dennis Hines and his assistant bartender, who from the depth of their experience are teaching Mr. MacDonald the mysteries of mixed drinks, were kept busy serving the former minister's growing trade.

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"The night trade is of course the largest," said the new proprietor. "We are averaging from 1,000 to 1,500 customers daily, and the 'pint trade' in kettles, you know—amounts to about seventy-five a day. It is a good stand, near Willis avenue, and the new rapid transit road will run right by it. Many of the workmen employed on it come here now. I am gaining trade from other saloon keepers already. How do I do it? By selling better whisky for 10 cents, by giving larger 'pints' of beer for 5 cents and by setting out a good, honest lunch."

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Towney's Ice Cutting Pan.

Congressman Jim Towney, bustling out of the house, ran into Congressman Dave Mercer recently says a Washington dispatch to the New York World.

"What is going on inside?" asked Mr. Mercer.

"Well," replied Mr. Towney, "Allen of Maine has a bill that is likely to cut some ice."

"What is that?"

"A bill for an ice breaker on the Kennebec river." And then Mr. Towney ducked just in time.

CLERGYMAN AS A SALOON OWNER.

Rev. George K. MacDonald's Views on Liquor Selling.

WILL NOT TOLERATE PROFANITY

Former Pastor of a Long Island City Church Says He Intends to Run a Decent Place—Believes in Free Lunches and Likes to See Men Drink Beer—How He Quoted an Obstreperous Customer.

The Rev. George K. MacDonald, who recently resigned the pastorate of the East Avenue Baptist church at Long Island City, is now the owner of a saloon in the Bronx section of New York city. He employs two bartenders; but, clad in a white coat and apron, he presides behind the bar personally.

Last May, at the meeting in his old church of the annual convention of the Sunday School association of Queens and Nassau counties, Mr. MacDonald delivered the address of welcome to his clerical brethren and the other delegates of the two counties.

A New York Herald reporter the other day found Mr. MacDonald standing behind the bar of his new saloon.

"So you have found me out, have you?" he said, with a smile that displayed an excellent set of teeth and a mouth easily curved to merriment.

"An interview?" he repeated. "No, I do not object to an interview, since you have found me here. I am not at all ashamed to be found in my new vocation, and I am quite willing to explain my position and set myself properly before the public. If there is one person I despise more than another, it is a hypocrite."

Here Mr. MacDonald paused to hand out the Scotch whisky and the seltzer siphon to a pair of letter carriers off duty, who had just come in, and opportunity was afforded to inspect his establishment while he prepared the highballs and filled a pail with beer for a waiting teamster.

"Now for the interview," said the former preacher as he turned after ringing up the price of the cocktails on his cash register. "Sympathy in my position. Why, yes, I have had letters of sympathy from all parts of the country since the wide publication of my farewell sermon. I had one only the other day from Clarence Hamilton, the mayor of Pictou, N. S.—I was born in Nova Scotia—expressing the heartiest sympathy with me. These people who write to me only know of my resignation and the reasons for it. Of course the writers do not yet know I have become a saloon keeper. I do not know how they might feel about that. For the time being it would not be right for me to permit the publication of these letters. It might seem to place my friends in a false position."

"As for liquor, I have been a moderate user of alcoholic stimulants all my life. My father, who died in 1894, was a sea captain and a Scotchman. I have always been accustomed to seeing spirits kept in the house and to using them in moderation. When I have wanted a drink, I have gone openly into a saloon. Scarcely so direct to side doors or to stealth. I have bought what I wanted. I did this even when I was the pastor of a church and thought it no sin to do so."

"The thing that has disgusted me is to see men who stand high in the church sneaking into side doors to get their liquor or taking me surreptitiously to a sideboard, as if there were something shocking to be concealed. As I said before, I hate a hypocrite. I scorn a Pharisee. I have more respect for a man for the man who walks openly into a saloon to buy his drink and who knows when to abstain than I have for the fellow, however lofty his reputation, who sneaks into a side door to get it after dark."

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A VIEW OF VENEZUELA

Some Facts as to the Nature of the Country.

A RICH AND UNDEVELOPED LAND

In Variety of Soil and Climate It Has Marked Advantages, Says Frederick W. Coburn, and All Known Crops Grow in the Fertile Mountain Valleys—Curious Ideas of Honesty Held by the Natives.

It is significant that the capital of Venezuela, Caracas, eight miles from La Guayra as the bird flies, occupies the crater of an old volcano, says Frederick W. Coburn in the Boston Transcript. The people are as eruptive as the land they inhabit. With the racial egotism goes self assertiveness easily excited, easily allayed. The Venezuelan is just now "blowing his head off," or, rather, having it done for him. Occupation has been found for the crowds of idle men and boys who loaf in Caracas streets, always well dressed, well groomed and with no visible susceptibility toward a job. A gay place Caracas is, a miniature Paris, though Parisians make wry faces at it. A town it is where everybody wears diamonds, even if the shirt is ragged; where champagne is used "to put out fires" and "banknotes to kindle them," where debtors are far wiser than their creditors.

It is contrary to Venezuelan character to pay a bill which can be repudiated tomorrow. Present a claim for a small amount to a Caracas citizen, and he will engage a high priced lawyer to discover a loophole in your contract. Of course the lawyer's bill is never settled either. Yet these Venezuelans pride themselves upon their scrupulous honesty. You may leave a bag of nuggets in the streets of Caracas, and nobody will disturb it unless you lay claim to it or some other foreigner does. Sneak thieves, according to our former minister, Mr. F. B. Loomis, one almost never encounters anywhere in the country. Thieving is low, dishonest, unworthy a proud descendant of grandees, but cheating—ah, that is otherwise! That is a game.

The people are singularly alive to the dramatic, the artistic. The towns teem with versifiers who fill half the columns of provincial newspapers with classical effusions. Painters there are, too, strong men in landscape and religious art. Grand opera from Europe draws immense audiences, and by night, when nothing is on at the opera house, ladies of high standing organize little street dances, with guitar music. A gay, thoughtless population it is.

This, of course, is the urban Venezuelan. In the hinterland the great mass of population lives without working, too easily, fed by bountiful nature. Most of them have more or less Indian blood. In some districts pure Indians may still be found. The aborigines are simple minded folk whose needs do not make them good buyers of textiles since a blue jean cloth ordinarily serves for the whole rig.

The Spanish speaking population has been in Venezuela a long time—in fact, about 400 years—long enough to have built up a great empire. But Burke's aphorism regarding "little minds and great empires" holds good to an eminent degree of Venezuela. Not means, but men, have been wanting. The country has extent sufficient for an empire. It covers nearly 900,000 square miles, more than France, Holland and Germany combined. It is ten times the size of New York state. And in variety of soil and climate it has marked advantages. Of the twenty-three states every one is said to contain mountains. Back from the coast the mountain range crops away to the broad llanos of the Orinoco, a plain of incredible richness.

The land of Venezuela, taken as a whole, may be classed as either agricultural, pastoral or sylvan, each division showing almost boundless and untouched possibilities. In the fertile mountain valleys grows every crop known to man. Vast forests of mahogany and cedar have scarcely been disturbed. The mineral wealth has long since excited the cupidity of the Briton, giving rise to the boundary dispute of a few years ago. The gold diggings of Yauru yielded 42,315 ounces in 1899. Silver is abundant in Bermudez, Lara and Los Andes. Sulphur, coal, asphalt, lead, kaolin and tin are found. Great iron mines have been opened by an American company at Imatoca on the lower Orinoco. The pearl fisheries at the island of Margarita employ 400 boats and still show no signs